

IN MEMORIAM.

J. T.

FELL ASLEEP IN CHRIST, AUG. 27, 1893.



Can I not talk with thee, my own beloved ?

It cannot be that thou art far removed,—

We two were ever one.

Each joy and sorrow we together bore,

Now thou hast done with grief for evermore,

Hence, half of mine is gone.

No more thou'lt know one touch of keen heart-pain ;

Nothing but perfect peace and happiness remain :

Oh ! I am glad for thee !

Yet oft for thee my heart full loud doth sigh,

'Tis then thou hear'st its secret yearning cry,

And hastens down to me.

Not severed—no. O treasure of my heart,

Thou could'st not rest if I had not a part

Of all the bliss now thine.

Such love as ours was never born to die :

'Tis only beautified and more refined on high,

My husband, ever mine.